Whore Theory

A Gang of Criminal Queers

2009

For the whore, it is of extreme importance to be at all times stunning, both in appearance and intellect. As faithful deviants of femininity, we have a certain responsibility to display a well-versed hatred towards everything pristine and bland. Little boys and girls need more examples of filth in their life; crazy beautiful cunts to admire. They must learn what it is to want, to be whores incapable of holding in and repressing their emotions.

Becoming-whore does not mean anything, so put your fucking notebook down. We are strutting contradictions and we do not care. If you cross us, we will annihilate you and everything you love. If you fuck us, we will break your heart or maybe fall in love and hate you forever. We are addicted to the disgust of society, corrupted Jeune-Filles that know no restraint.

We want to destroy everything, in diamond encrusted high heels. The violence of our desire tastes unlike any other bodily fluid; it is a poisonous venom that only the most masochistic of bodies can encounter and crawl towards for a second helping. We invite men in, waiting for the degradation that will warrant vengeance and until then we just shove their cocks in our mouths and swallow. What-ever.

We gaze at our body's image in every reflection we find and can't help but fuck ourselves all day long, because we are so incredibly beautiful. Our insecurities are displayed like sparkling gold crowns on top of our pretty heads; we couldn't be more proud (or ashamed) of our many imperfections. We are horribly vain, and every whore knows that only another whore can satisfy her needs.

Whore is not a sexuality, such a thing does not exist. Our orgasms are inseparable from our hatred, from our fashion and fears; nothing makes us cum that doesn't also revolt us in some way or another. We experience this world as an ugly little playground for our fantasies, and these dirty thoughts cannot possibly be contained within any designated arena of "sex". Sex for us is turning heads, scraping knees, and pissing anywhere but in a toilet.

If you see a whore swinging her hips down a busy street, you may notice a furrowed brow while she mutters angrily under her breath. This is because you annoy her with your presence. Every insignificant body that brushes past her is at risk for her hatred. Hatred makes her erect. She wastes no time in forming assumptions about you based on what you're wearing—your shoes are not fierce enough, your walk is not sexy enough, your eyes are not burdened enough. You are nothing compared to the beautiful people that hide in the alleyway, waiting to mug you.

Politics does not interest the whore, it is the whore. Seduced by the incessant pain of living and dying and aching, she is simultaneously afraid of every little thing and fueled with the exhilaration of having nothing to lose. She thinks that to speak logically of this world is pure delusion: rationality is an unnecessary indulgence typical of mumbling pricks. Attempting to define her context or articulate her existence is utterly futile; absolutely nothing about her makes sense. The whore critically engages only with astrology, preferring the opinion of our sky's constellations over the utterance of some dying old white man.

Brilliantly bitter, the whore holds onto grief and anger like precious gems wrapping around her heart; her traumas lovingly swim and pulsate through her veins like tiny shards of glass. A part of her longs for the sadness and disappointment she knows as truth; she is full of emptiness and boredom in its absence. For her, seeing the world through sorrow is seeing in full color, feeling the sensation of life tingle through each nerve ending on her body. Without it, joy eludes her as well.

The whore is utterly exposed—a raw wound dripping sweet, deadly excrement onto each thing, each person she comes into contact with. She is naked, forever tucking what is sacred into the crevice between her legs for no one else to see. If you look too close, be prepared to lose a limb, a lip, a piece of your fucking heart because what is precious to her is untouchable to you. You worthless shit of a human race.

A proper whore knows, deep down inside of her, why this world pretends to detest her. All her life she has had an irresistible charm that, when coupled with an unbecoming volatility, has the power to reveal to those around her their most unwanted desires. Her ass makes married gentlemen (and their bored wives) fidget incessantly, and her vulgar wit causes dry academics to wet their lips with excitement. Upon her exit, entire rooms breathe a heavy sigh of relief that they are no longer forced to face their quivering perversities. Alone in their modern bedrooms they shamefully jerk off to her image, quietly hating themselves and their crass routine of living.

She is as quick to laugh as she is to cry. When Mercury is in retrograde, she knows that getting out of bed means catastrophe. But even the fucked up alignment of the planets, working hand in hand with this mundane and despicable society, cannot stop her lunacy from being cast onto her surroundings and those around her. The circumstances which make her and fellow whores weep also create potent hysterics, and islands once isolated in insanity come together for a good laugh, and maybe a little revenge.

The whore is a slut, yes, but she is also a bum and a young delinquent; she is a faggot, a queen, an angry dyke, an insurrectional manarchist in heels, a tyrannical tranny. She is everything and nothing, everyone and no one. Glamorous in her many disguises and transparent in her filthy desires. She overflows with love for those spilling over with hatred, forever enchanted with the beauty hidden beneath this sterile economy of bodies. She enjoys nothing more than spitting on the face of humanity, laughing as her stinking spittle drips down pointed chins to make a satisfying splat on the dirty pavement beneath her feet.

The Anarchist Library
Anti-Copyright

A Gang of Criminal Queers
Whore Theory
2009

Retrieved on MAR-7-2021 from
https://ia803104.us.archive.org/24/items/ZineArchive/WritingsOfTheMaryNardiniGang1.pdf

The essays in this zine ["Writings of the Mary Nardini Gang"] were written by the Mary Nardini Gang/A Gang of Criminal Queers. These texts come from Bash Back!. Bash Back! was a queer anarchist tendency that started in the Midwest. It aimed to be a network for queer anarchists to connect and to confront the pitiful normality of capital, the state, and heterosexuality. To read more texts like these go steal a copy of "Queer Ultraviolence: Bash Back! Anthology" or look around online.

theanarchistlibrary.org